

do about what you please on your own property. In this case, it isn't so much a matter of what you can do, but what it is wise and expedient for you to do—for the general welfare of the community, the beauty of the town, and the attitude toward you of those who believe in that welfare and desire the retention of that beauty.

+
HE MAY NOT WANT IT, BUT
HERE'S A WREATH FOR
FRANK TOWNSEND

It was a remarkable piece of work!

In all our experience of recording the activities and victories of municipalities and groups within municipalities, we have never known anything to compare in the realm of achievement with what has been accomplished in the past three months by the group of bed-rock Carmel men and women who led the fight for a Carmel high school.

The final offensive, begun Wednesday at noon and ending at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon, hardly more than 24 hours, was a signal victory. Of the sensational kind. It was a fitting climax to the battle of months against vigorous and unethical opposition across the hill.

It was a fitting climax, but what it climaxed is, after all, the most notable thing. It climaxed a two-months' battle for signatures throughout the Monterey Union High School district—in the tents of the enemy. The fear of obtaining more than 4,000 signatures to Sunset's withdrawal petition in the district outside Sunset was nothing less than phenomenal.

It was made possible only by the energy, determination and the ability for organization of Frank Townsend.

To many, of whom Charlie Van Riper, of course, tops the list, must go the plaudits for what has been done. But plaudits upon plaudits must go to Frank Townsend. He did a marvelous piece of work.

+
GUS VOLLMER ASKED ME
AND I TOLD HIM

Well, he asked me, and I told him.

But before we go into that, may I tell you about talking with August Vollmer, police executive extraordinary, in what John Jordan probably calls the sun room at Pine Inn, about other things.

We dragged up old memories of the days when Gus was chief of police of Berkeley and making the reputation which put him some years ago on the top of the heap as a police expert, criminology demon and occupier of some sort of important chair on the faculty of the university; of the days which (if Fritz Wurzmann doesn't find me a ribbon to fit this portable I'll quit asking about his baby) are almost as important to me when I was out on the line for one of the San Francisco or Oakland papers covering Berkeley.

We reminded each other of Charlie White, who ran the Examiner's East Bay office and could remember every telephone number he had ever had occasion to call—and little else; of Leopold Jordan's phenomenal success in getting to a Berkeley tennis tournament although being dumped into the Oakland Estuary on the way, along with half a hundred others several of whom lost their lives—and struggled back to the Chronicle office in San Francisco with a fine detailed account of—the tennis match, and nothing on the wreck (Jimmie Hopper based a Saturday Evening Post story on that); of Earle Ennis, who used to carry a telegraph line-man's paraphernalia when he went out on stories and is now smoking rings on the Chronicle, and admir-

ably; of the swell murder in Emeryville in a cheap sub-division which Fred Bechdolt dressed up as a "lonely moor" in his San Francisco Call stories.

Gus Vollmer doesn't look much different than he did in those days; not to me, he doesn't. He has the same snappy eyes, and snappy carriage. His hair is grey and there are year lines in his face, but he still has all the outward and visible signs of the inward and spiritual grace which made him a supreme police executive and should, praise God, render him today capable of telling at a glance what's the matter with the Carmel police department.

He asked me—which I don't think was necessary—and I told him that all we needed was a chief of police. I explained that I didn't mean a chief of police just in name and uniform, but a chief of police in temperament. I told him that he of all people should know how necessary temperament is in a chief of police. I said that you could have valor, and Bob has that; you could have honesty, and Bob possesses that; you could have a clean moral life, and that is Bob; you could have all these things and still if you are not temperamentally fitted for the job as chief of police, your other virtues are just so much sawdust.

I told him that I liked Bob as a person; that I felt sure that personally Bob liked me, no matter how much ire I might arouse in him in my capacity of a newspaper editor in this man's town, but that mutual friendship in this particular case isn't worth the dam of several tinkers.

With all the very fine things about him added up and in capitulation, Bob Norton hasn't the temperament to make him a good chief of police, but rather he has that temperament which, laudable as it may be in other walks of life, commands from the public with whom he has to deal a sense of his futility in the job and a lack of proper respect for the dignity and importance of his office.

These are generalities, yes, but generalities that strike at a particular point in the character of a man; a point whereat weakness tends so effectively to destroy the whole in its application to a certain job.

Gus Vollmer asked me if time and training could not rectify this failing on the part of our chief of police. I said that I did not think they would. I said that those things effect temperament; that it is something you have and have your being in, fixed and rigid with your first breath of life.

And, I think, half what I told Gus Vollmer Wednesday he knew already, and the other half he will know before he leaves this fair city of ours. I'm counting on this, but I may be wrong. I have been known to be.

+
I refuse to comment on what Vollmer told Winsor Josselyn of the Peninsula Herald Wednesday night about Carmel needing four more policemen, instead of one less, other than to say that my dear old friend Gus must be losing his mind, or he has been listening to Bob Norton—and believing him.

—W.K.B.

+ + +
WE DINE SUMPTUOUSLY AT
SUNSET SCHOOL CAFETERIA

The editor and I had lunch at Sunset School the other day. We took our place in line with O. W. Bardarson and Dody Dorcy, and the only thing that set us apart from the children was that we were allowed to have coffee. Mrs. Helen Poulsen and Mrs. Mary Frolly, all smiles, let us in behind the lines to help ourselves from the special pot upon the stove.

SUNSET SCHOOL NEWS

BY THE PUPILS

Miss Baer's art room is all a-hustle and a-bustle. The room is full of the click-click of a typewriter and the wr-wr of sewing machine. Everyone is preparing for the Christmas play which is to be given in the auditorium on Wednesday evening, the twenty-first at seven forty-five p.m. The art and sewing classes have been devoting their time to making costumes. They have started from "scratch," so to say. First they bought a bolt of muslin and then they dyed and decorated it, trying to get the effect of rich brocades and velvet. One peep into the art room and one can see myriad gorgeous hued cloths lying about on chairs and tables. At the present time the girls are busy fitting costumes to the various players, sewing the costumes and making themselves generally useful under the able guidance of Mrs. Helen Poulsen, the sewing instructor, and Miss Anna Marie Baer, the art teacher.

Meanwhile the stage is undergoing a great transformation. Several of the boys are helping with the set under the instruction of John Stanley. One look at the play, which is set in the 16th century, will show that this is quite an undertaking.

The auditorium is constantly a-buzz with Miss Knowles and her singing groups practicing their songs for the play. The group we enjoyed the most was the one composed of the tiny children in the first, second and third grades. The older singers are getting along nicely and will have a number of lovely Christmas songs ready for Wednesday.

We are sure that with all this preparation the performance will be a great success. This year the Christmas play is much more of a student activity than it has been before. In the past all the costuming and set-building were done by worried parents and time-bound workers, but this time it is all being done by students, with some assistance from adults, of course.

We hope this behind-the-scenes review will help you to understand better our Christmas play, which of course you will come to see on Wednesday, the twenty-first of December at the Sunset School Auditorium, at 7:45 p.m.

—MARGERY STREET, 8th Grade.

+
Dec. 2, 1938, was the date of an assembly at Sunset School.

The first event thrilled some of the boys, the lucky ones who received awards for championship in speedball and in football. Mr. Arthur C. Hull gave out the awards.

Those boys who received speedball awards are: Irving Williams, captain, a block "S," and Gordy Miyamoto, Bill Monroe, Baird Bardarson, Richard Cota, Donald Stanford, Harold Albright, Walter Harren, and Howard Lockwood, stars. Those who received football awards are: Jimmy Handley, captain, a block "S," and Kenneth Jones, Donald Stanford, Harold Albright, Sandy Burham, Bill Briner, Bill Goss, George Moller and Dick Uzzell, stars.

After the awards were given out, Miss Baer's dramatic class gave a play. The play was called "The Serenade." Pat Tarrant was announcer. The play was about Pierrot, a despondent lover (Donald Stanford) who was hunting for his loved one, Columbine (Henrietta Erickson). He sang his song, and a cross old man (Alexander Allan) stuck his head out of a window and told him to shut up. Pierrot was terrified, but at another window the next time, a cranky old

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Wednesday • December 21

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Bela Lugosi

DRACULA

Boris Karloff

FRANKENSTEIN



The first herald of spring has reared its lovely head in the window of Anna Katz' this week. This advance season frock is made of a new light-weight Forstmann woolen in crushed strawberry. It is a short-sleeved model featuring an unusual cut-work decor on sleeves and yoke, worked in yarn of the same shade as the dress. The material is wrinkle proof. See this and other new arrivals on the racks for a fashion pre-view.



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Women Voters Hear Talk on State Relief

"Emphasis of relief services increasingly is in the fields of vocational training and rehabilitation," O. W. Campbell, representative of the Public Administration Service, told the members and friends of the Monterey County League of Women Voters at a luncheon meeting held last Tuesday at Pine Inn.

His address was based in a large part upon his experiences as advisor to the State committee on Relief Coordination, a group to which the League of Women Voters belongs, which has recommended merger of the State Relief Administration with the previously-established State Department of Public Welfare and the transfer of major relief financing from the counties to the state.

That a work program must be correlated with a health program is seen, Campbell argued, from the survey of state and county cases at the San Francisco medical center, which showed that "approximately half of the persons unemployable were ineligible for work by reason of physical deficiency."

+ + +

Golfer Godwin, and we mean Harrison, had his handicap clipped, and still won on both Saturday and Sunday at the Monterey Peninsula Golf Club tourneya.

Mrs. Dorothy Sheldon, Sydney Armer and his wife, Laura Adams Armer, have taken the Edward Kuster house at Carmel Point for three months. Mrs. Armer writes and illustrates children's stories besides occasional adults', while Sydney, who sometimes illustrated his wife's stories, is working at present on a series of paintings of Monterey County wild flowers.

Carmel Players Cast Snapping Into "Laugh That Off"; It Looks Good For the Last Four Days of 1938

Well, it looks like another hit production for the Carmel Players this coming holiday week-end. Under the direction of Ruth Taft, "Laugh That Off," the gay fast-moving comedy by Don Mullally, is rapidly getting into shape for presentation December 28, 29, 30 and 31.

The cast is enjoying the work on this play immensely. Each one seems happy and content with his part and determined to get the utmost out of it. Scripts on the first act were discarded permanently on Wednesday, and with that handicap disposed of, they can really begin to draw blood. As the cast stands now, Bob Bratt has the part of Remorse, otherwise known as Robert Morris, Del Page is Leo Mitchell, the part originally chosen for Bob Bratt, and Ted Leidig takes the part of Arthur Lindsay, the third of the three main male characters in the play.

Edith Frisbie has a fine character part in this production. As Mrs. Connolly, the Irish boarding-house keeper, she keeps a benevolent and watchful eye on her theatrical boarders, and a not-so-benevolent one on Mike Connolly, her seldom-sober, but always-amiable husband, played by Frank Dickinson.

To Nina Kitelman has fallen the role of Peggy Bryant, the romantic lead. This is a choice part and a grand opportunity for Nina, who won it not on looks alone, but because of her great work in "All Clear!" Nina is taking this play-acting seriously, which is just as it should be. I have a feeling she is going to stay us as Peggy Bryant, and then, who knows? The possibilities are endless. It's something

worth working for, anyway.

Beverly Tait hasn't an easy job ahead of her as Enemie, familiarly known as Mopopus, the little servant girl, but she loves the part, and so will you when you see her in it.

Spud Gray and Joan Tait play the part of a couple of hoofers, Jimmy and Toots Valentine. Joseph Scelsi does the small part of Tommy, the Iceman, and does it convincingly.

You're going to like this play. The third act takes place on Christmas Eve, and what with decorations and gifts, gaiety, humor and excitement, enough of the holiday spirit is created for you, so that you can go home satisfied that you've seen a real Christmas play.

+ + +

BOY SCOUTS DOING BIG JOB AT CARMEL SCOUT HOUSE

P. A. McCreery, who runs Troop No. 86, Boy Scouts, to the delight and great advantage of and to the boys, reports that his "men" have put in 600 man hours since October 1 on improvements at the Scout House at Eighth and Mission streets. He works a crew, a joyful crew, of 32 boys on Saturdays and Sundays on the big job. And do you know that they have been building and are building a concrete cellar that would have cost them in the open market somewhere around \$700?

+ + +

Fifty-two times this next year you and Carmel can be put into the mind of a friend afar through a subscription to The Cymbal as a Christmas gift. The cost is One Dollar.

Marion Howes and Bettie Greene drove down to Paso Robles last Sunday towing an empty trailer behind them. They spent the night there and the next morning drove on to the Bear Valley Ranch where they intended to pick up a horse and bring him back to Carmel. Unfortunately, the horse couldn't be persuaded to get into the trailer. Marion and Bettie had fun, though. The Bear Valley Ranch is a wonderful place and they have some fine horses on it. Its foreman is Ted Schaps, whose father is living in Fern Hyde's house in Carmel, and who is giving Marion Kingland a hand at Walscroft Riding Club, schooling the children in

equitation. Marion and Bettie stayed to lunch and then left for Carmel, the trailer just as empty as when they started.

The Rev. and Mrs. C. J. Hulsewe will chaperone the senior members of All Saints' Choir tomorrow night when they go to Del Monte to dine and dance as guests of the parish and the Woman's Guild of their church. This is their Christmas party, and Gail Johnson, Jerry Lamb, Mary Jane Uzelle, Irene Wilson, Nancy Hollingsworth, Katherine Hamm, Alice Keith, Joe McEldowney, Allan and Charles Hamm, Hugh Evans, Jack Neff, Howard Levinson and Gordon Ewig will be the gay celebrants.

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THIS THING AND THAT

At three o'clock
When I awake,
The intellect
Is hollow fake:
My own front name
I find elusive
And compass points
Seem inconclusive.

+

I can't abide
Those leggy elves,
The bugs that hide
On pantry-shelves,
Or shaggy spiders
In rafter-cracks
Who watch from evil
Bivouacs.
But beetles' coats
Are glossy black;
When one falls over,
I turn him back.

+

I do not care for caviar;
I seldom pine for ears;
I like to see a herd of swine
Confronted by my pearls.
I have no yen for butlers
I never need a yacht;
And as for eating humble-pie
I'd just as lief as not.

—E. F.

+++

CITATIONS, NOT COURTESY CARDS, FOR OVERTIME PARKING NOW

No more courtesy cards for overtime parkers in the business district. The police will crack down on you now, according to an announcement made by Councilman Frederick R. Bechdolt, commissioner of police. Bechdolt says the decision to enforce rigidly the parking limit ordinance follows complaint of business men that their trade is menaced by automobile drivers who ignore the time limits.

+++

HIGH SCHOOL PUPIL HURT ON TENNIS COURTS, BETTER

Eleanor Hart, 14-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Hart of Carmel, who was injured on the tennis courts of the Monterey Union High School last week, is reported to be getting along all right. Dr. Kocher, her physician, seems pleased with her progress.

+++

PARCELS POST DELIVERY ON SAN CARLOS STREET

Parcels post delivery headquarters have been established by Irene Cator, postmaster, in Fred Leidig's building on San Carlos street, formerly occupied by the McDonald Dairy. You have to take your package cards there to get the goods. Delivery at that point will be maintained until December 27.

The post office will remain open all day Saturday on the 17th and the 24th.

+++

Carmel Art Association Members Have Donated More Than 70 Pictures for December 21

More than 70 pictures are already at the Carmel Art Gallery for the drawing on December 21. These pictures represent the work of various artists in the association and have been donated by them as their share of the plan to raise funds for the completion of the new gallery. Absentees are responding by wire daily, giving their consent to having one of their paintings added to the rapidly growing number. The response has been 100 per cent, and has been something that will go down proudly in the history of the Carmel Art Association.

Alvin Beller wired from the East yesterday that he will be only too glad to donate one of his pastels. Jean Kellogg has likewise wired her willingness to give. Jean, by the way, has already sold half of her show recently held at the Ferargil Galleries in New York City. Her stock of pictures is depleted, to put it conservatively, but she'll find a

"LOVE APPLES" CAST GUESTS OF MRS. M. J. PETERSON

After the final curtain fell on "Love Apples" last Sunday night, the members of the cast, all the various technicians and helpers, and a few special ones, went up to Hatton Fields to the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Peterson, ate Spanish beans, French bread and various kinds of cake, drank coffee and beer, and listened to Oliver Bassett do his famous "Ferdinand."

The guests of the Petersons were Colonel and Mrs. C. G. Lawrence, Frank Dickinson, Franklin Dixon, Kay Bate, Margaret Lang, Kay Knudsen, Bonnie Gottfried, Mrs. Louise Dobbins, Captain and Mrs. Harrold, Tommy Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Bill O'Donnell, Jessie Joan and Ellen Brown, Ralph Spalter, Betty Bryant, Frank Hellings, Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Williams, Mrs. M. V. B. MacAdam, Dick Carter, Oliver, and everyone except Sport, who had been led home in honor by the young Passalaigue.

+++

"IF CHRIST HAD DIED IN INFANCY" IS TOPIC OF DR. MCKEE

Dr. Wilber W. McKee will preach a Christmas sermon this coming Sunday. His subject, "If Jesus Had Died in Infancy!" a study in the difference Christ has made.

The church school will meet for carol singing and study at 9:45 a.m.

The adult class for conversation on the Bible will meet at 10 a.m.

Rehearsal for the special Christmas program to be presented by the church school on the evening of Christmas Day will be held this Sunday at 5 p.m. Howard Timbers will be in charge.

The Community Church, on Lincoln street near Ocean avenue, extends a cordial invitation to everyone to attend.

+++

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CARMEL DAIRY

CLANGING CYMBALS

SAM TROTTER

Frigga and I had just walked down from Sam's when that crash occurred. We came in the front door and straitly crossed the room, as is our wont, for that the south windows of our house give onto this monstrously beautiful world of the Santa Lucias and the sea and the walking up and down of Graves canyon with its pinnacle trees. And to look at it spins one like a top across cosmic peripheries, singing. So as we looked on it that afternoon, there was a crash. Frigga leaped out the window and bounced about in her ludicrous puppy way, barking and nipping at the tall dry grass angrily. Thomas rose from his couch and stuck out his neck with cat apprehension.

But as for me, my heart began beating hard . . . it seemed as if I couldn't stand it to have such a thing happen . . . I went after wood for my evening fire, but an emptiness had come into the evening; a deletion, as of death.

I rode up the mountain with Marion, who had been visiting me, in order to see Nancy's beautiful face again and her pomegranate tree; then to walk down the ridge into Partington Canyon and home. Sam wouldn't be home; he was down here on the hill fixing up a chimney, though the doctors who had his heart in charge had said, chorally. No no no, to such doings.

But I say you can't say No to your own essential self. You couldn't say to Sam; Now, forever more, you shall not fall a tree; you shall not fix a chimney; you shall not sip a whiskey; you shall not have the people you like about you and be a hero again. Sam would be god-danged if he wouldn't do a favor for Mr. Field, and Field being so good to him and all. And if he couldn't get up and tinker with Frank Bell's chimney, with the Bells coming home any minute and they being mighty nice folks, if he couldn't do that . . .

Nancy was lovelier than ever, but the pomegranate tree was winter bare. On Thanksgiving Day it had been a burning bush over Torre's Canyon, fiery gold so that not one but many small voices came and went in it. And on it one bright berry, just then split so the purple seeds, complacent in their orange bed, peered over the chrome-greening hills and down into the sea most curiously. Jaime put them in his fingers and we licked them for the stringency; fine delicate liqueur after Sam's great dinner.

Once a year I like to have my friends get together in my house, Sam had said, inviting me to his dinner. And when I came into his house that day, there he stood with fifty-odd of the folks he liked about him and he towering. His cheeks were high with the color of pleasure, his hair going off after one compass point or another, the whole range of the south coast mountains rumbling their bellies with his laughter. I thought then, standing in the doorway before he caught sight of me, that Sam was a great horn of plenty. The little paucities nor any unfulfilled hunger nor impoverishment of spirit had not any place with Sam. Come and take, he seemed always to be saying,

waving one arm around to indicate that he and the almighty God conspired to wealth.

And what a day that was! Of eating and drinking no end. But best of all, the feast of men and women—Sam's friends. The great blond sons of the house making a table the length of the porch, so that the while you made shift with food, you gulped greedily the coast of California, swaying in its everlasting strope to the accompaniment of its husband sea. This day all decked with gaudiness and gorgeous humors, for the sun picked up each diamond-created lip of a wave and flung its caress at the hills.

Shanna Golden sitting in the sun and Harrydick with his throat lifted bluejay-like, singing the range; Mrs. Cushing from Turkey, gentlewise; Mrs. Fenton, most motherly dear; Red, the lean man, his hands, like strings of iron, still smelling slightly of the last lion shot down in Torre's Canyon, the Predatory Animal Man of Monterey County; and at evening by the fire Al Cushing, the oldest friend and best, telling tales of Alaskan whaling and of the day one of the coast women, having been warned that the cattle drive was on and that she must bring in from outside her house all moving things that fifteen hundred cattle might take any umbrage at, ran out at the last minute to get a diaper hanging over the water barrel and forgot to call in her little dog so that the fifteen hundred cattle stampeded the whole coast, ravaging and destroying and killing in their nervous rage.

And everywhere, Sam. Having enough to eat, honey? Hey, you there, you ain't got a drink. What, only two pieces of pie. Here, let me fill up that dish. Ain't bashful are ye? No, my boys don't drink. There's plenty of lemonade for the youngsters. Rain? Oh, in about five days from now. Hey, Cushing, when's it going to rain?

Four or five days from now, Sam. When I kissed his cheek good-night it was hot with the excitement; feverish for joy. He put his great hand on my shoulder. It was always like a refuge.

I thought of him that day, coming down the canyon toward home. You think about God in the canyons. I remembered one morning, Sam sitting here in the Log House and we speaking of Him. No, said Sam, I ain't got any religion, not rightly to call it by name. I figure this way; if the Almighty and me have got anything to settle between us we can set down and do it man-to-man. I done a lot of foolish things in my life. Things a lot of folks don't understand. But I reckon He don't hold things against

folks, the way some do.

Thinking of this, I put my hand on a redwood tree which runs the saps of Sam's God and mine.

Thus in the beatitude of the trails and the trailmakers and the Trail-maker, Frigga and I came home and crossed our big room to watch the afternoon go leaping across the puissant world. A December day One such as the Chamber of Commerce of California, which never blushes, might well blush at now. In each of its details, perfect. The first green on the hills; an abalone tide swinging low along the little rocks where the white foam sups. Silence on it for very joy; its benediction spent like some unearthly atmosphere over everything.

In the canyon below me, suddenly rending the silence with a roar and an echoing and reechoing, a redwood fell to earth.

And Sam was dead.

—LYNDA SARGENT

+ + +
FAMOUS RIDER TO TEACH AT WALESACROFT RIDING CLUB

The Walecroft Riding Club, in the person of Miss Marion Kingland, reports with understandable elation that Herbert Schaps has generously offered to teach the children all the various branches of equitation, replacing Mrs. Lucy Wyckoff, who has gone to take charge of the San Francisco branch of Marsh's Oriental Arts for two years.

Not so very long ago, Schaps had some of the finest hunters and steeplechase horses in Europe and what he doesn't know about horses and how to handle them properly simply isn't worth knowing. Parents of the children who are learning how to ride at Walecroft should be gratified to know that when Schaps gets through with their offspring, their hands will be perfect, they will have a proper seat, and will know all about balance. Furthermore, the children adore him. He seems to have the happy faculty of making them want to ride perfectly, and to put all they've got into this business of learning how. Virginia May Shepard, Scottie Macbeth and the Dekker children are reported to be doing particularly well.

+ + +

There has been little snow on the Sierra Passes to date, reports the touring department of the National Automobile Club. Snow which has fallen is powdery and not satisfactory for winter sports.

+ + +

Give The Cymbal for Christmas.

New Auto Plates To Advertise Our Fair

Flashing a new color scheme of blue and gold, California automobile license plates for 1939 will begin to appear January 3 with the opening of the annual period for renewal of registration. California plates for the new year will also be distinguished by the wording, "California's World's Fair 39" in addition to their new color combination

of gold lettering on a blue background.

The regular period for renewing registration and securing new plates will continue to February 4, when delinquent penalties will be imposed. Plates will be issued by the Department of Motor Vehicles at its various offices and by the California State Automobile Association to member motorists at 33 district offices.

+ + +

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"The wittles is up!"



Two gentlemen walked into THE CYMBAL office a week ago Thursday afternoon and inquired for the Constant Eater. It happened in one of those temporary dead calms between galley proofs and telephone rings. I was in solitary occupation of the front, while the Editor and all hands were in the back room busily engaged in those fascinating (to the Ed.) mechanical operations from which the Constant Eater, as a non-union individual, is strictly excluded.

From their appearance you would not have guessed that these callers travel around the country continuously eating large, delicious meals as part of their life work and interest! They did not look hungry, neither did they look overfed; in fact, they both appeared in fine trim, full of energy and well-being. Those two men had just had the thrill of receiving many thousand dollars' worth of publicity from the Saturday Evening Post, of knowing that in the week following the December 3 issue of that popular, long-established publication their names and their doings were read and discussed in millions of homes! And you can't accuse me of exaggeration. At the very most conservative estimate an average of at least two people read every copy of a magazine—the advertisers count on four—and if the Post's circulation is somewhere around three million, figure it out yourself! So if Duncan Hines, author of "Adventures in Good Eating" and "Lodging for a Night," and his collaborator and western representative, Warren Gibbs, weren't thrilled, they would have to be made of some sort of dead wood, not ordinary flesh and blood. But I'm sure they were though they took it modestly enough. Speaking of the Post article Mr. Hines said that he had given the writer of it a great deal more material than was actually used and he had made his own selection. If you've read it you can't help agreeing he did some good selecting, for the article is packed full of interesting and sometimes startling stuff.

How am I going to get down to the business of thinking about food, much less writing about it, these days, with shopping to finish, packages for the East to do up and mail, etcetera ad infinitum? I thought I could get Marjorie and the Editor, who had lunch at Sunset School last week, to write about

it to help me out but they don't seem very much affected by my appeals. So I'm just going outside the home and find something to amuse you.

For instance, have you ever wondered why the English eat their meat as they do, using the left hand to bring a cut-off piece to the mouth instead of putting down the knife and picking up the fork in the right hand as we do? Well, I don't know why they do it either. It looks funny to us and our way looks funny to them! Punch, which seldom does much talking about food (I've noticed this particularly since I started turning out this column!), had a little skit in one of their November issues which was concerned with this basic difference between the two nations. A young man and a girl in a restaurant are discussing the abovementioned point of etiquette. She says:

"Look, if you think that, why not do it yourself?"

"It'd be eccentric for me," said the young man, munching. "It just isn't our habit, that's all. But for all that it seems to me to stand to reason it's more—well, what you mean when you say refined."

"But dolling how absurd to talk about Americans being refined!"

"That isn't the point. And I don't mean Americans are refined. I mean that particular way of eating, it stands to reason—"

"Don't keep saying it stands to reason dolling it doesn't do anything of the sort. Why it's so silly to think the way Americans eat could possibly be better—"

"I don't say it's better. All I say is that their way of cutting everything up first and then eating it with the fork in the right hand," said the young man mildly, "seems on the face of it less—well, crude

than our way. I don't say I want to adopt it, I simply say it's less crude. Can't you see it is?"

"No dolling I can not," the girl replied emphatically. "I think it's the most childish, finicky way of eating known. Why, it reminds me of that person Aldous Huxley or somebody once saw in a Corner House eating cherries with a knife and fork."

"That's exactly what I mean." The young man was unmoved. "If it seems finicky, there you are. It must be more what you'd call refined."

After more conversation along this rather futile line the girl, still disagreeing, cites the instance of the American film in which they "made the mistakes."

"What mistakes?" asks the young man.

"Dolling don't be maddening, you know perfectly well. The butler knocked at the door and it was supposed to be in England."

"The door?"

"And the butler. The whole story was laid in England. There were simply lashings of Good Taste, and Herbert Marshall was in it, but they went and made the butler knock at the door."

"I wouldn't know about butlers," said the young man. "I'm a Communist, you seem to forget that."

"Dolling I do wish you wouldn't drag your politics into important things. Anyway, the butler wasn't the mistake I meant, it was the meat."

"What meat?"

"Veal," the girl said, as if that explained everything. "The idea was you see that he—it was Melvyn Douglas—"

"You said it was Herbert Marshall."

"So it was, but this was Melvyn Douglas, and the idea was that he didn't touch his meat at all, it was only because he was dismayed about something, but the butler—"

"Herbert Marshall?"

"Of course not—the butler thought it must be because he didn't like veal. And they showed you the plate of veal, there it was all cut up neatly into little squares, but it was supposed to be in England!"

The young man doesn't seem to be quite clear what all this has to

do with the subject they were first discussing, whereupon the girl says:

"Dolling there are times when you exasperate me, of course it has its example. It just shows how absurd Americans are, thinking that English people would go through all that ridiculous business of cutting everything up first."

Will all well brought up little Americans who were taught it was good manners to cut up all their food before eating raise their right hands?

+

Just recently I mentioned bread made partly of apple flour. Now I find there is another unexpected ingredient in a new kind of bread. Of all things—artichokes! The pulp used comes from fresh French Globe (California grown) artichokes and in addition to furnishing the iron and other vitamins artichokes provide it makes a delicious, moist loaf which weighs a pound. I've eaten bread with vegetables in it and, to be frank, found its taste spoiled by a queer, musty sort of flavor. There is nothing like that in Pony Brand Artichoke bread. It is not dark like whole wheat or rye but just the slightest tinge off white. The Dolores Bakery is the only place that makes this new bread but you can order it from your grocer. It doesn't take the place of vegetables, of course, but it's a good way to supplement them for the child who remains unmoved by the argument that vegetables are good for him!

CONSTANT EATER

PRE-CHRISTMAS SERMON AT ALL SAINTS' SUNDAY

The Rev. G. J. Hulsewe will give a pre-Christmas message at the 11 o'clock service next Sunday morning at All Saints' Church. At this service the full-vested choir will sing.

Holy Communion at 8 o'clock on Sunday morning. The church school meets at 9:45 a.m.



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THICK AND THIN

SALUTE TO BILL FROLI

In the praise of William Frolli I shall sing my level best.
For I swear by all that's holy he has hair upon his chest.
He has got himself a dairy, and a man who'd make one go
Has to have a chest that's hairy. I have tried it and I know.

I remember, I remember (And I wish I could forget)
Turning out in bleak December when the dawn was dim and wet.
Turning out to feed the heifers and to give their quarters care
When the frost was in the zephyrs and the wind was full of air.

I recall with many shudders how the morning task was mine
To massage the streaming udders of the ruminating kine;
How I wielded broom and shovel in the darkness of the stall
Till it made me want to grovel, or to go and End It All.

For the bull and all his sisters I would plant a crop of hay.
And I'd raise a crop of blisters when I pitched it all the day.
And although my toil appalling filled my weary limbs with pain
When the evening started falling I would have to milk again.

When the night time's cloak of sable o'er the countryside was spread
I was often scarcely able to conduct myself to bed.
But from slumber's sweet condition I'd be routed anyhow
Just to act as obstetrician for a wayward Jersey cow.

In the end I broke away and left the place in craven flight.
For I couldn't work all day and then get up and work all night.
So I have to praise Bill Frolli as he makes the milk cans fly.
For I know within my soul he is a better man than I.

I don't want to break into other people's arguments, for I feel that I am perfectly capable of starting arguments of my own.

But there is still a little bitterness left over from the recent parking battle, and I'd like to see it allayed.

And while I have been, and still am, all for the Ocean Avenue improvement that the council decreed I do believe that a compromise might be struck between the needs of the general public and those of the business people who want their cars close at hand.

I think that doctors and realtors and other people who use cars in the conduct of their business should be issued windshield stickers which would secure to them the right to park overtime.

I think that such stickers should be issued only to those who actually do need cars in the conduct of their business, that not more than one should be issued to any firm, and that the name of that firm should be upon it and should also be registered with the police.

Such a compromise might help bring harmony back to our city, and settle our internecine war for us in time to allow us to present a solid front against Hitler and Mussolini.

And by the way, if Hitler and Mussolini can get along so well together why can't we Carmelites?

+

If Mussolini keeps his eyes on France's African possessions will the democracies of Europe call his bluff?

Perhaps; for it is one thing to sell the field hands down the river and quite another to auction off members of the family. The master might conceivably call off the sale.

The "master" being Chamberlain.

But with the hands gone—Czechoslovakia sold out, Spain turned over, Austria let go by the board—saving the plantation may turn out to be a harder job than it would have been a little while ago.

And if the democracies do at last decide to fight they cannot well clothe their decision in the halo and wings of high moral purpose. Not after Munich.

They will fight only because it is the "realistic" thing to do. And it is a regrettable fact that the realism will be considerably more stark than it would have been last summer.

tuce strike. And apparently Col. Sanborn does not want to talk to the La Follette Civil Liberties investigators.

This in spite of the fact that the good colonel is a most persuasive talker, as I myself can testify. For I once heard him speak before the American Legion.

He said nothing, took half an hour to do it, and held all of us enthralled during the whole time. That sort of thing takes a real orator.

But frankly, when I heard that he was to be one of the ace investigators for the Dies Committee I wrote their whole investigation off as a total loss.

For I have always felt that Col. Sanborn was on a par with the patriots who shoot postmen for Confederate soldiers. The only difference being that he would shoot railway flagmen.

—RICHARD MASTEN

+ + +

Badminton and Tennis Getting Contagious

Since Leo Koehler and Larry Sweeney began to promote tennis over at Del Monte there has been a regular epidemic which has been rapidly spreading over the entire county.

Salinas Junior College is dedicating six new courts next Saturday afternoon, and as part of the ceremonies Howard Blethen and Gene Smith of Del Monte will appear in an exhibition match with members of the Salinas team. Anne Morgan, Del Monte junior champion, will play as Blethen's partner in the mixed doubles against Gene Smith, who is Del Monte men's champion, and a certain German girl.

On Sunday afternoon, a repetition of Saturday afternoon's match will be held at the Del Monte courts.

Further dedication ceremonies will take place on Saturday night at the clubhouse on Del Monte polo field, where a new indoor badminton court is to be used for the first time.

Two top-notch badminton pros from San Francisco, Herman Weltz and Donald Hearst, will put on an exhibition match, and then play the two local toppers, Don McKillop and Charlie Frost. This may not be such a walk-over as it sounds. We understand that Charlie Frost was state badminton champion not too long ago.

GIRL SCOUTS GATHER OLD TOYS FOR CHRISTMAS

Carmel Girl Scout Troop No. 2, as part of its community service program for the year, conducted an "Old-Toy Roundup," and managed to collect a fine assortment of used toys which they will turn over to Charles Gilmer's Christmas toy collection.

Barbara Josselyn, Betty Ann Sparks, Barbara Timmins, Alice Morehouse, Ann Hodges, Betty Smith, Doris Lewis, Martha Moller, Peri Koehler, Mary Jean Elliott, Patricia Flynn, Carol Walker, Betty Ryland, Nancy Lee Watson, Barbara Mylar and the troop leader, Mrs. Ernest Morehouse, were the greatly-to-be-commended leaders.

+ + +

Give The Cymbal for Christmas.

A special effort is to be made this year to keep the Cambria-Carmel link of the Roosevelt Highway (State Route No. 1) open during the entire winter, according to the touring department of the National Automobile Club. This hard-surfaced highway is subject to slides during the rainy season.

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Laugh in the New Year at "Ten Bar Nights"

If you want to start 1939 with spontaneous laughter and hilarity, plan your New Year's Eve for the "Ten Nights in a Bar-room" with its several acts of melodrama and after-show of variety acts, which the Troupers of the Gold Coast are putting on in California's First Theater, Monterey, December 30, 31 and January 1.

With Lloyd Weer directing, Mary Henderson as *Mehitable*, Byington Ford as *Swichel* and Master of Ceremonies, Billy Shepard as the hopeless drunkard, Margenette Gates as his long-suffering wife and little Mary Jean Elliott as the child, Ross and Thelma Miller as Tavern-keeper *Slade* and his wife, Milton Latham as the philanthropist, Harry Hedger as the young squire, and Lloyd Weer as *Harvey Green*, the cast is practically complete, and ready to put on a New Year's show that will rival Broadway's "Hellzapoppin."

+ + +
PLAYERS WORKSHOP GROUP WORKS ON SETS FOR SUNSET PLAY

The Carmel Players workshop in stage technique met Tuesday evening at Sunset School instead of the Green Room to work on the sets for the school's Christmas play which will be performed next Wednesday, December 21. Anna Marie Baer and Grace Knowles are in charge of the Christmas program of which the play is a part.

+ + +
SCOUTMASTERS ATTEND COUNCIL DINNER

Scoutmasters William Dekker, Don McManus, Fremont Ballou, Franklin Dixon and Hap Hasty attended the annual dinner and entertainment of the Monterey Bay Area Boy Scout Council, held last Monday night at the Santa Lucia Inn in Salinas. One hundred and fifty scouts from Santa Cruz to King City ate, listened to famous World-Scouters talk, watched the Salinas High School put on a pretty bad skit.

+ + +
SUNDAY NIGHT DINNER DANCE AT LODGE

The first Sunday night dinner-dance of the year will be held at Del Monte Lodge next Sunday. A six-piece orchestra will be on hand for the occasion. These Sunday night dinner dances have been popular in the past, and they will be given occasionally through the winter.

+ + +
The Merced-Gustine Highway, reported closed last week, was opened to light traffic December 3, with a temporary detour, according to the touring department of the National Automobile Club. While this detour will serve motorists until the heavy rains come, it is expected that it may then be again closed.

Play Golf!
...on the course overlooking Monterey Bay



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Dr. D. T. MacDougal Makes Definite Contribution To New England's Effort To Replace Devastated Trees

Out of Carmel goes what we choose to think will mean the judicious and most effective planting of a million shade trees in New England, to supplant the million destroyed in the recent hurricane.

At the session of the Eastern Shade Tree Conference held at the New York Botanical Garden in Bronx Park, New York, two days last week a paper, requested of Dr. Daniel T. MacDougal by telegraph, suggested the careful study of root systems, their structure and their prevalent tendencies, as made possible by the tragedy two months ago.

It was Dr. MacDougal, director of the Carnegie Coastal Laboratory here in Carmel and probably the ranking tree scientist of the world, who saw the opportunity offered by this otherwise terrible catastrophe, to get down deep to the root of tree destruction by storms and, armed with scientific information so obtained, plan for the future in a manner that would tend to prevent this reaping of the winds in the future.

As a result of telegraphic request Dr. MacDougal sent by airmail a paper which embodied his suggestions for such study. Almost immediately on its receipt in the East he was asked by Dr. E. E. Free, Ph. D., editor of "The Week's Science," a pamphlet available to the public, for permission to use the remarks which were read at the shade tree conference. They will be included in the current pamphlet.

Dr. MacDougal's paper, entitled "The Importance of Studies of the Development of Root Systems of Trees," is as follows:

+

Systematized information as to stature and disposition of roots of trees beyond the seedling and nursery stage is very fragmentary. The trunk and crown are under constant observation and much is known as to the changes which are important in the physiology of the tree, silviculture, timber production and ornamental planting.

Similar delineation or measurements of the development and maturity of root-systems are extremely scanty and very few generalizations may be founded upon them.

In my own studies of the Monterey pine, measurements of root-systems could be made only by ex-

cavations, at a cost of \$15 to \$25 per tree of an age over 20 years old. A dozen large trees were thus dug out, and a number which had been uprooted by storms were also available. The arrangement of the results made it possible to conclude that of the woody material construed from the leaf-products of this pine tree as much as one-fourth or as little as one-seventh of the total amount in trunks and branches was used in the construction of the root-system.

Taken in connection with dendrographic studies it became apparent that the flaring base of trunks and the abruptly enlarged basal portions of attached roots constituted a distinct physiological unit, or well-defined region, so far as period of seasonal growth, activity of the cambium and concentration of growth-promoting substances were concerned.

Its individuality becomes more marked with age and it is to be noted that it is this mass of woody material which undergoes the maximum stresses from the flexion of trunks swayed by the wind. Some of these features are reflected in the results of tests for specific gravity, crushing strength and modulus of rupture in the engineering laboratory.

Of the estimated million trees reputed to have fallen in the great storm in New England it seems highly probable that a few hun-

dred or a few thousand representing several species have been uprooted in such manner as to render possible studies of the development of root-systems with respect to

- a. Corresponding stage of the crown
- b. Nature of the substratum or soil-formation
- c. Character of stand and associations
- d. Extent and volume of root-system.

Systematized information as to

the above features would constitute a contribution of permanent value in the physiology of trees, in forestry, horticulture and in all kinds of silviculture and ornamental planting.

Definite schemes of measurement should be made, in which the principal part of the work would be done in the field. Whatever anatomical studies were seen to be important could be carried out in the laboratory in connection with pathological work -D. T. MACDOUGAL

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The next time you go gift-hunting, browse through the lamp section of your favorite store. All of these new I.E.S. Better Light for Better Sight Lamps are reasonable in price. All come with white glass diffusing bowls and properly designed shades. All have the switches and bulbs that allow one to turn on just the right amount of light that is needed or wanted. You'll agree a Better Light for Better Sight Lamp is a bright idea for Christmas giving.

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The Carmel Cymbal

Red Cross Roll Call Gets 1044 Members

Annual meeting of the Carmel Chapter, American Red Cross, proved most interesting to those members attending the session held at Community Church last week. The following members of the governing board were unanimously elected for a three-year term expiring January 1, 1942: Dr. Wilber McKee, Miss Jane Burritt, Herman Crossman, Lee O. Kellogg, C. W. Lee, Mrs. James McIntyre, Whitney Palache, Mrs. Caroline Pickit, Mrs. Ralph Skene, Mrs. Webster Street, Miss Lydia Weld, Mrs. Laidlaw Williams, Col. T. B. Taylor, Mrs. R. J. Hart.

The result of the 1939 Roll Call to date was reported by Mrs. R. R. Wallace, general chairman. The results show 1044 members with a total of \$5,162.75 for the relief budget for 1939. Mrs. Wallace thanked all the members of the organization participating in the Roll Call for their splendid work.

Annual reports of the Chapter activities were made by the various Chapter Committee chairmen.

C. W. Lee, campaign chairman, presided at the meeting and appointed a Nominating Committee for the January meeting of the governing board, at which time Chapter officers will be elected for the new year.

+ + +

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"MEN WITH WINGS"



FRED MAC MURRAY, RAY MILLAND and LOUISE CAMPBELL in the film coming to the Carmel Theatre this Sunday, Monday and Tuesday.

"Men With Wings," the first air film to be made in technicolor, comes to the Carmel Theatre on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, December 18, 19 and 20. Fred Mac Murray, Ray Milland and Louise Campbell share the stellar roles. Andy Devine, Lynne Overman, Porter Hall and Walter Abel are

in the supporting cast.

This is the drama of one American family whose life, through three generations, is the adventure-filled story of aviation itself. It is the story of American aviation, from the first days of the Wright brothers to the giant air transport ships of today.

Give 52 Christmas gifts in one with a Gift Subscription to The Cymbal.

ANGNA ENTERS, DANCER, HERE JANUARY 30

Angna Enters is next in the series of the Carmel Music Society, making her appearance at the Sunset Auditorium on January 30. If the past is any criterion she will dance to a full house. Shan-Kar filled the auditorium, so, for Angna Enters, we expect the box office will be sold out.

What Angna Enters does on the stage is her own particular combination of dancing, music and acting. Her book, "First Person, Plural," which was so enthusiastically reviewed, is in the Carmel Library. There is only one copy, and if you manage to get hold of it, don't be greedy. Return it as soon as possible, as there will be many who will want to read it before her appearance here.

+ + +

FREDERICK A. INGALLS DIES AT PEBBLE BEACH

Frederick A. Ingalls died last Monday morning at his home, Strawberry Hill, at Pebble Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Ingalls have been actively and enthusiastically interested in all the cultural activities of the Monterey Peninsula and have contributed generously in money and in moral support to everything that was worthwhile in the community.

Mr. Ingalls was particularly interested in the various musical activities of Carmel and got more pleasure from this source of cultural expression than from any other. He was a member of the Monterey Country Club and always a sound and enthusiastic golfer, playing a good game up to the last week of his eighty-third year.

+ + +

Wolo is back again in these parts, is working on the unfinished work he was in the middle of when the urge came upon him to dash back to California. His studio is at the Allied Arts Guild in Palo Alto, which isn't too far away for him to make occasional week-ends in Carmel. He's been illustrating children's books, doing animal sketches and playroom murals.

DOG DAYS- AND NIGHTS



Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

An orchid to Sport Passalaigue who made his debut as an actor in "Love Apples" last week. And what a debut! With the help of young Oliver Bassett, Sport nonchalantly stole the show with his smooth acting.

+

Two Gun Mike and Pistol Pete Ware are ridin' herd on their boss, Roma Ware, over Nevada way where they're gonna have a Christmas shindig. Mike and Pete are right puzzled, though, over their boss's new horse. It has two wheels instead of four legs.

"We ain't never seen nothin' like that there cayuse," they said. "It has a moniker somethin' like Big Sykle."

+

Thor Hammond, a strong, silent man from the Canadian Rockies, is causing a great stir among the village maids. He is a very handsome Great Dane and is spending the winter here with his owners, Tilda and Agnes Hammond. The Hammonds drove to Carmel from their home in Banff, Alberta, and Thor filled the entire back of the car. He is a charming fellow with a friendly manner. Thor likes Carmel a great deal and believes quite definitely in the "Hands Across the Table" idea.

+

Tommy Warren is proudly displaying his wounds of battle acquired in a recent encounter with a huge police dog. There was a slight disagreement over a certain young lady. Tommy had to be dragged out of the fight by his owner, Marjorie Warren, of THE CYNICAL. He is as proud of his chewed ear as though it were a sabre scar acquired at Heidelberg.

+

A right pert young critter named Russian Hill Billy Walters meandered down from San Francisco

with his maw, Mrs. Herbert Walker, for a gander around the village. Billy went a-sparkin' his kin-folk, Misan Fraser, but the gal was right bodacious snippy. So next time he comes gallivantin' down hyar he's gonna tote his bazooka.

+ + +

Fifty-two times this next year you and Carmel can be put into the mind of a friend afar through a subscription to The Cymbal as a Christmas gift. The cost is One Dollar.

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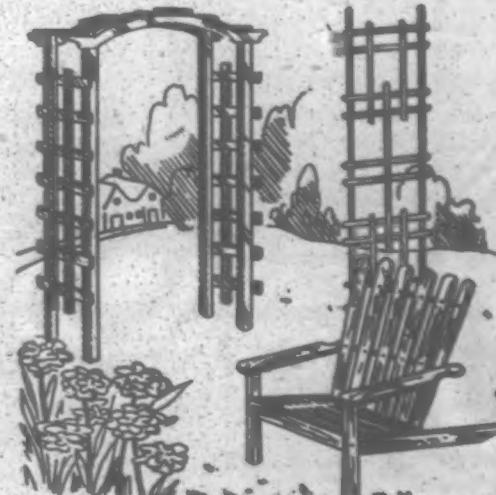
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"Love Apples" Good Entertainment By Reason of Some Fine Acting

There are two ways to review such a production as that of "Love Apples" last week-end.

One is to view the whole thing in a sympathetic, understanding light, remembering friendship for and acquaintance with the playwright, director, producer and members of the cast, and considering that it was given without commercial taint and solely for the most worthy benefit of a Christmas fund. That's the easy way. Hal Garrott took it in his review in the Peninsula Herald last Saturday

The other way is to put down on paper reactions that began with the opening of the curtain and closed with the drawing of it; ig-

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noring any friendships and, as I should add, any relationships; oblivious to the worthy cause it was designed to aid. That's the hard way, and, in this small town, I, in taking it, will be the one mostly to suffer. Don't tell me I won't; I've written this sort of thing many times in the past, and in all honesty, and I know.

In the first place, "Love Apples" is not a good play and I don't believe that far back in her mind Mrs. M. J. Peterson, who directed and produced it, and knows most intimately Katherine Brocklebank who wrote it, thinks it is. It is, in several important parts, bad theater,

the sort of bad theater that makes matters as difficult for the cast as it is distressing to the audience. There were several spots that spread themselves over territory both as to space and time, out of all proportion to their importance. The last act contained a rough and tumble scene that could have been smoothed out only with the aid of a pair of shears.

The story had serious flaws. It presented a murder without a sensible motive and released the suspected murderer on bail which cannot be done in any of the 48 states and two territories in the Union. And I couldn't get my mind of the fact that the suspected murderer's gun could show only one shell fired while there were two bullets in the body of the victim. And in the face of these facts no country constable could be as dumb as Mr. Pickett.

But it was a comedy, you say. Sure, but a "mystery-comedy," and what makes a mystery is the logic in it, the verity of it.

Notwithstanding this, Katherine Brocklebank has written in "Love Apples" a play that has the germ of a good mystery comedy in it. In the main those things that are wrong with it do not render it impossible for satisfactory stage production with a certain amount of smoothing, including the use of the aforementioned shears.

I believe that a few members of the cast proved this by what they did with their roles. Certainly Dr. W. B. Williams did. No matter what may have been in the mind of the playwright about his part, Dr. Williams got out of it what there actually was in it, and made of himself a lovable character and, to a large extent, a convincing one.

Certainly Bill O'Donnell did it in his comedy role. O'Donnell got the big hand of the evening the night I was there (Friday) and well he deserved it. He was fortunate in having dished up to him in the script many good comedy lines and he embellished them with good business.

Most certainly indeed Emelie Harrold did it in the feminine lead. From many who saw "Love Apples" has come the desire I would express myself; that we can get Mrs. Harrold into more Carmel little theater casts. She gave us the most finished piece of acting in the play.

And Betty Bryant did it, as who would expect that she wouldn't? In character roles Mrs. Bryant has come to be considered a natural in Carmel. She held her end up high in "Love Apples."

To a degree Jessie Joan Brown did it in a part that carried the burden of lines second in substance only to those of the doctor. She carried creditably a role rather indefinite in characterization and consequently difficult to limn. And how lovely she looked!

As for Oliver Bassett, knowing

him as I do, I would say that for some reason or other, one I can't put my finger on at the moment, he was not as satisfactory as he should have been. He had a self-consciousness about his business that bothered me.

His dog, who scorned direction of any sort, was perfect. He it was, in fact, who stole the show. There was a confidence and self-assurance about his acting that reached toward genius. Paraphrasing Hal Garrott I would say to Hollywood: You can keep your Shirley Temples if you leave us Sport Passalaigue.

As for the rest of the cast, they probably did the very best they could under the circumstances, but in none of their characterizations can I find anything to heap encomiums upon.

The scenes were extremely well set, that of the final act one of the most satisfying I have seen in Carmel. Graced as it was, too, by some of our prettiest and courtliest in the dancing: Beverly Tait, Ted Leidig, Sally McCreery, P. A. McCreery, Ellen Skadan, Albert Lockwood, Jean Draper, Raymond Draper, Marjorie Warren, Ted Warren, Zonie Claypool and Tommy Phillips.

Harking back to the scenes and the other material things, put down with ardor the names of Margaret Lang and Billy France of the technical staff, Kay Knudsen of the lights, and Bonny Gottfried of the properties. —W. K. B.

+ + +

Musical Art Club Has Christmas Program

The fragrance of Douglas fir, a huge tree gay with lights and trimmings, piles of be-wrapped and be-ribboned gifts, and our charming hostesses, Mrs. Rachel Van Ess and Miss Winnifred MacGowan, greeted us as the Musical Art Club began its Christmas party last Tuesday night at the Van Ess-MacGowan home at the Peninsula Country Club.

The Toy Symphony of Hayden, to be played on toy instruments, was the eagerly anticipated music of the evening. Valona Brewer and Edward Cadoret Hopkins, plus the various musicians of the Musical Art Club, had been working on it, and we, to whom it had been promised, could hardly restrain our impatience.

The program opened with the singing of Christmas carols by the entire company. Then Edward George sang *Noel Cantique*, and sang it beautifully. For the Toy Symphony, Mr. Hopkins wore a huge false nose, and Edward George, who played the tiny mandolin, wore a real Mexican sombrero. Mrs. Margaret Grant, dressed most Christmasy in bright red, did a grand job with the triangle. The cuckoo, whose recurring note added such an amusing touch to the symphony, was played

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by David Rogers, who really gave his all to it. At the grand piano, Mrs. W. B. Williams and David Marn presided, but it was Mrs. Van Ess who played the tiny toy piano of a scale and a half. "Happy" himself made this. He made it all in one morning, setting the strings so perfectly that when Leonard Abinante came to tune it, there was very little for him to do.

—M. W.

+ + +

Mr. and Mrs. Robert MacGillavry will make the Fairmont their headquarters while they are in San Francisco over the Christmas holidays.

+

LA PLAYA

Dr. and Mrs. B. P. Kurtz arrived at La Playa this week from Oakland and will stay here a month. Dr. Kurtz is head of the poetry department of U.C., is here for a rest, but, while he is here, intends to finish a book on which he has been working. They were at La Playa last year at this time and have many friends there.

Julien de Cordova and his niece, Miss Nyren, have arrived at La Playa from Lincoln, Massachusetts. De Cordova wintered here last year also.

+

Lester Donahue and Roland Young are guests at the Fish ranch.

+

Garth Jeffers is home for good from the University of California. He majored in anthropology.

+ + +

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I dislike working for money; like to work for fun; like to reduce the necessary human work to minimum, thus increasing leisure. I have plenty of work to do. I need food, clothing, etc., and money (the accepted title to life) to buy them. If any (except banks) offered me a money income, with no strings attached, I should accept it. "Banks lend by creating credit. They create the means of payment out of nothing." (Enc. Brit. under Money) and, by claiming ownership, for themselves, of the money they thus create, the banks steal from the community (on whose goods the money forms an effective claim) on a colossal scale. I will not, willingly, accept stolen money. Therefore, until they credit the community, to whom it belongs, with the money they thus create, banks need not apply. I need money and am willing to work for it. Anything considered. What have you? Ernest J. Atter, Box 981, Carmel, Calif. (25)

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Carmel Associates Urged To Aid City In Beautifying Business District; Business Association Helping

An appeal to the members of Carmel Associates, the prevailing group of citizens who so effectively backed up the city council in the removal of automobile parking in the center of Ocean avenue, is now being made to aid in further beautification of the business district.

The Carmel Business Association

has also pledged itself to aid in raising money necessary for trees and shrubs, and Ranald Cockburn, named to solicit subscriptions, has already obtained considerable money.

The appeal sent to members of the Associates is as follows:

"A number of Carmel citizens

The Carmel Cymbal

feel that this work should continue and be broadened in scope and at their suggestion the Park Commission recently engaged a well qualified landscape architect to prepare plans for the actual planting of trees and shrubs on the five central blocks of Ocean avenue, both in the center, along the sidewalks and on some of the building walls. These plans and planting recommendations having been accepted, it has become necessary to provide funds for the purchase of nursery stock

and the work itself. The City Council, believing that this work improves the environment for all residents, has stated that it will provide one-half of the amount providing the other half is raised by local subscription.

"We should like to have you contribute to this Planting Fund and feel that it is your Christmas Gift to Carmel, that whatever amount you donate will be matched in like sum by the City Council and that it will all come back to you in a

few months in the form of landscaping on Ocean avenue which should delight you.

"The average cost for each plant will be 50¢, and we will appreciate your sending us a check for the cost of as many plants as you feel you care to pay for."

"All checks should be made payable to Colden H. Whitman, P.O. Box 1800, who will send you a receipt for the amount of your donation."

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